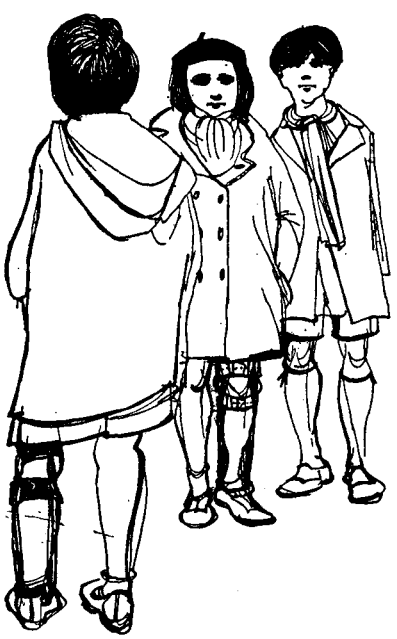
An Artist in an Artists' World

– Mrs. George Norman

THE

Commonweal



Childhood Regained

by Jorgen Hviid

Nicholas Joost

John M. Hayes

John C. Cort

M. A. Fitzsimons

John Cournos

Volume LX, No. 16

July 23, 1954

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*

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Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1954, in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

U. S. and Canada, $7 a year. Foreign, $9. Single copies, 20c.

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THE

Commonweal

week by week

THE SEARCH FOR A POLICY

THE "agonizing reappraisal" suggested by John Foster Dulles some months ago is taking place today; the agony is upon us.

Senator Knowland has urged that the United States withdraw from the United Nations if a majority of the members of that organization decide to admit Communist China. Mr. Knowland has urged the retroactive withdrawal of American aid from France and Italy until they ratify the European Defense Community pact. Certain Democratic leaders have indicated sympathy with both moves, although individual senators, both Democrat and Republican, have spoken against them.

Such moves indicate a spirit of withdrawal by the U.S. from the Western Alliance. But the knife has two edges. France, having at last found a leader in whom it places its trust and its hopes, has been following a course of its own choosing, leaving the United States to make the most of it. At this writing M. Mendes-France has not yet obtained his Indochina cease-fire, and his self-imposed deadline looms dark in the immediate future. His military commanders have carried out enormous withdrawals in Viet Nam against American wishes, and in retaliation against this all-out drive for a settlement the U.S. has so far refused to send top-level representatives back to Geneva for the last act, and has abandoned the idea of training a Vietnamese army. The United States seems determined to see to it that if Southeast Asia falls to the Communists, it does so with the loudest possible crash.

The British too are tempted to walk alone. The British government has sympathy for France's situation but is also determined to keep as close relations as possible with the United States — Mr. Churchill holds stubbornly and wisely to his belief that the only hope of the Western world lies in Anglo-American unity. But as the price of unity grows more exorbitant, British public support for the Churchill policy fades. The Manchester *Guardian,* speaking for a substantial bloc of moderate opinion, has already concluded that Britain cannot honorably make many more concessions to America; concluded, indeed, that the United States has forfeited leadership.

Have we? Joseph C. Harsch pertinently observed that leadership was not handed to the United States by a world seeking to be led, but fell inevitably and inescapably on America as the only Western power to emerge from the Second World War stronger than when the war began. And he adds that leadership of this kind cannot be taken off like a coat; that abandonment of our allies would kill us rather than cure us.

THE logical end of this disintegration of the alliance was advocated recently by *Life* magazine, an influential journal in Eisenhower Republican circles. It proposed that the United States reduce its circle of principal allies to Nationalist China, South Korea, Thailand, the Philippines, Greece, Turkey, Pakistan, Yugoslavia, Spain, New Zealand, Australia, West Germany and most of Latin America. Excluding Latin America, this list includes four dictatorships, three backward nations uneasily working their ways towards democracy through the shoals of authoritarianism, and five democracies, one of which also is relatively backward and unstable. Two of these nations owe their existence to American funds, and six are largely dependent on American aid. This is a rather checkered group to be assigned the task of defending freedom in the modern world.

The impetus which pushes us towards this bitter ending of the Grand Alliance is a mixed one. One factor is the hydrogen bomb, which supposedly has taken the heart out of nations like Britain and France, exposed as they are to total devastation. The major factor, however, is that the United States is moving closer and closer to the position that the policy of all free nations of the world shall be the policy—such as it is—of the United States Government (a policy increasingly initiated in the Congress)—or those free nations be damned.

We are no longer tolerant. We are no longer

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willing to make concessions. And, deepest and most frightening fact of all, we no longer have in this country a policy which can be identified and discussed. We were supposed to have had a policy in Asia but did not. We show no signs of working out a realistic policy for Asia. The closest substitute—admirable but hardly adequate—is a determination to keep Communist China out of the UN.

We used to have a policy towards the Soviet Union called containment. It was a modest policy, which aimed only at keeping the Soviet Union from further expansion. It was repudiated at the polls in 1952. The substitute Mr. Dulles has offered has been an attempt to build an alliance based on more than "mere containment"—an alliance dedicated to the liberation of the satellites and the destruction of Communist power. Theoretically admirable, the Dulles policy in fact never got off the ground. The means were too risky to accomplish more than the sowing of distrust among those of our allies who are more exposed or more divided than we are. And the Administration was unwilling to back Mr. Dulles with the military power he needed, to take the risk his ideas entailed, to exert the domestic leadership his policy demanded. Consequently, the Dulles plan divided like a pair of shears, words and sentiments soaring, power and resolution plummeting. We must now find a new course.

It is reported that some in Washington favor a preventive war. Surely that is not our policy? If it is not, and thank God Mr. Eisenhower is one of those who oppose it, it seems obvious that we must reconcile ourselves to a continuation of a silent war with Communism; to a continued existence with the Soviet Union; to trying to preserve those nations which today are free but which are in danger of Communist infiltration. Are we to reappraise our role, and cut ourselves loose from the nations which refuse to give us total allegiance? If so, what does the future hold for those nations—and for us? A reappraisal that will 'shorten our lines' sounds to this magazine like the prelude to failure.

NEXT WEEK

HOWARD R. SIMPSON presents a vibrant picture of the Indochina war:

"Christmas morning broke over the Delta with a steel grey light. To the North the mountains floated above a heavy ground mist and the colorful paper ornaments hanging in front of the churches were ripped and battered by wind-driven morning rain. The Captain sat in his command post sipping at a steaming cup of tea. . . . It had happened as he had guessed. Returning from his visit to the Militia unit he had made his battalion ready for an attack. And the Communists had come at three o'clock in the morning. But not against the weakest company, the company he had reinforced, but against what had been the strongest company, the company from which he had drawn the reinforcements. The fighting had been short and sharp. He now had three dead on his hands for Christmas Day and five wounded were on their way to the base town of Phat Diem for treatment."

RESTORING ALL THINGS

THE Association of Catholic Trade Unionists recently celebrated its ninth birthday, in Cleveland, and the sermon on that occasion was delivered by Msgr. George Higgins, assistant director of the Social Action department, NCWC. Msgr. Higgins had some profound and percipient counsel for his audience, which was composed mainly of the CIO, AFL and independent unionists who make up ACTU. He spoke about the need for Catholics, laymen especially, to interest themselves in the social and political affairs of the world.

"Social reform," said Msgr. Higgins, "is the responsibility of all laymen, according to their opportunities and talents, and is just as important for their spiritual development as prayer and fasting." This is a lesson hard-learned, he pointed out, and easily ignored. "How else explain the fact that even daily communicants can withdraw into a comfortable spiritual vacuum and consciously disassociate themselves, in the name of virtue, from the never-ending struggle for social justice?"

Msgr. Higgins pointed out that the religiously-inspired social actionist faces a dual temptation. On the one hand there is the temptation to concentrate so exclusively on political, social and economic reform as to lose sight of abiding spiritual realities and their primacy. ". . . the subtle inclination to forget that heaven is our final destination, that the salvation of our immortal souls is the one thing necessary." The second temptation was described by Pope Pius XI, referring back to the theological scourge of the nineteenth century, as "social modernism." It consists of remaining righteously aloof from the demands made by the social order and retreating into a wholly private piety. Msgr. Higgins stated that all Christians, whether priests, Religious, or laity, find it difficult to steer a straight course through life, avoiding one or the other of these dangers. But for the laity, who have to work out their salvation "amid a thousand and

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one distractions in the temporal order," the going is often extremely difficult.

The temporal order, Msgr. Higgins insisted, is the special responsibility of the laity. "The layman, much more than the priests or Religious, is called upon to sanctify himself *in* and, as it were, *through* the world." Pope Pius XI held that the reform of institutions was almost as important as the reform of persons. The two, in any case, go hand in hand. Institutional reform is the specific duty of the laity; and it is the duty of the priest to assist laymen in making the spiritual preparation they will need for work in the world.

In closing, Msgr. Higgins quoted the words of the recently-canonized Saint, Pope Pius X: "Catholic Action will not please certain timid souls who, through good living, are so attached to their habitual quiet and so afraid of every innovation that they believe it is quite sufficient to pray. . . . But these good people, whom I would call optimists, will wait in vain for society to reChristianize itself simply by the prayers of the good. It is necessary to join prayers with action."

PROTECTING WELFARE FUNDS

THE opposition of the AFL to governmental intervention is traditional, dating back to its founding. And the reasoning behind this fear of over-dependence upon the government is certainly sound enough, for what the government gives, it can also take away. Yet David Dubinsky of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union recently made news by breaking the long-standing AFL tradition in this matter.

In a significant article in the *Federationist,* official AFL publication, Mr. Dubinsky called upon organized labor to support legislation to halt the "squandering and misuse" of union welfare funds by "racketeering elements." Noting that many rank-and-file union men are opposed to government intervention, the president of the ILGWU said: "But when these same unionists see some of the welfare funds squandered and misused by rackteering elements, some of whom are muscling their way into trade unions precisely in order to get their hands on these welfare funds, many rank-and-filers and leaders will come to look upon government intervention—to protect welfare funds—as a lesser evil."

Mr. Dubinsky's position is not likely to go unchallenged inside the AFL. Though AFL president George Meany may favor it, strong opposition to any government intervention on welfare funds is expected from other AFL leaders. For our part, we would side with Mr. Dubinsky in this matter. As far as we can see, adequate safeguards against abuse in the handling of such welfare funds simply do not exist at this time. Most of the funds may be well administered, but there have already been a few spectacular cases of malpractice. And it should be remembered that the amount involved in these funds is not chicken-feed; some estimates run as high as twenty billion dollars, and the funds are likely to increase rather than decrease in the near future.

In the face of this potentially dangerous situation, Mr. Dubinsky suggested legislation which would provide for the publication of financial data on the funds—including administrative costs and commissions—or the establishment of a "minimum code of propriety and responsibility in the handling of these funds." As it happens, a bill along the lines of Mr. Dubinsky's suggestion was recently introduced by Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota, requiring public disclosure of all the facts about the handling of union welfare funds. Senator Humphrey is certainly no foe of organized labor, and we think the unions would be wise to take the lead in supporting such legislation. Failure to do so will open the door to further abuse by some inside the labor movement and will prepare the way for harsh measures advanced by anti-labor forces.

SENATOR KNOWLAND'S THREAT

IN European eyes, American isolationism is like a ticking bomb that may go off at any time. Actually, the isolationist bloc, always highly articulate, is probably a less significant factor in American life than is sometimes thought. But it is always there to be aroused, and from time to time expresses itself in no uncertain terms.

The latest example was to be found with Senator Knowland's electric announcement that if Red China were recognized by the UN he would resign his majority leadership and crusade for U.S. withdrawal from the UN.

There was high drama in the blunt announcement and the Senator's decision was widely applauded by those who have long sought a reason for abandoning the UN which would win popular support. Here was a golden opportunity if ever there was one. For the fact, of course, is that the vast majority of Americans of both parties are opposed to UN recognition of Red China. If the UN were to go through with proposed recognition, against the clear feeling of the U. S., government and people alike, proposals for U. S. withdrawal would receive a wide and sympathetic hearing.

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The Knowland incident illumines an abiding problem in American political life today: How steadfastly committed are we to the UN and the notion of placing a roof over the quarreling blocs of nations in this divided world? By withdrawing from the UN, would we thereby gain any advantage at all in arriving at a stable condition for ourselves and the rest of the world?

It seems that there would be one of two results in the event the U.S. took such a drastic step. One would be that the UN, without American participation and support, would simply collapse. This would not change any of the antagonisms and rivalries existing in the world today. It would simply mean that we had deprived ourselves of a world forum and of an opportunity for world leadership.

The second possibility is that the UN would continue without U.S. participation, and in this case the world position of the USSR and its satellites would certainly be enhanced. The UN in that case could easily become a private preserve of the Communist powers, with at least some of the prestige and moral authority all the nations invested in it at the time of its founding in 1945.

Obviously, belonging to the UN is not without its burdens. But the problems of the U.S. in a world half-free, half slave were not created by the United Nations organization. If anything, the fact that there has been a UN may have mitigated those problems considerably. Nor did the organization of the nations create the manifold responsibilties which the U. S. as leader of the free world finds upon its shoulders today.

If, by withdrawing from the UN, America could return to the pre-atomic age and regain the security that existed at that time, few Americans would desire to continue membership—or few non-Americans, for that matter. For the insecurity of the H-bomb age is not felt exclusively by Americans. But withdrawal from the UN would solve nothing, and would create new problems for us and everyone else. Administration leaders were wise to cool down the heat generated by Mr. Knowland's announcement.

In the meantime, the problem of the UN's recognition of Red China remains. There are solid moral reasons for the general American opinion on the matter. Communist China stands branded as an aggressor by the UN itself. It has shown no signs of purging itself of its very recent crimes against humanity. It has given no indication that it qualifies for recognition. Let the U.S. representation at the UN press these points with all their main and might.

But, as far as U.S. participation in the UN goes, supposedly that decision has been firmly made. We cannot treat the organization of the nations as if it were some kind of political luxury, in the atomic age. We cannot hope to exercise world leadership if, when we are crossed, or stand in danger of being crossed, we threaten to pick up our marbles and go home, like petulant children. We cannot entertain the thought of abdication for many reasons, but most of all because, in the atomic age, there are no more islands. We simply have no place to hide—or to sulk.

INVESTIGATING THE CIA

THE Central Intelligence Agency is something of a problem. The work in which it is engaged is highly secret. Under the direction of Allen Dulles, it is one of the key agencies responsible for espionage, counter-espionage, and assorted secret activities connected with the cold war.

The work of the CIA demands that the identity of its agents remain unknown and their activities unpublicized. If an agent became known, his usefulness would be finished. And if any hint of current CIA activities or methods of operation were to become public property, it would be similarly fatal.

This is one side of the picture. At the same time, a completely autonomous agency is not good either. Mr. Dulles bears the responsibility for CIA operations, and he in turn is responsible to President Eisenhower as the head of the Executive Branch. Both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eisenhower are undoubtedly aware that there have been complaints in some quarters about the operations of the CIA. The problem has been that of how to check the agency from the outside without in the process destroying its over-all effectiveness.

Up to now, Mr. Dulles has always resisted any investigation of the CIA which promised to turn into a publicity merry-go-round. In this he was, we think, quite correct, for the effectiveness of the CIA would certainly have been crippled by any free-wheeling investigation of the type to which the nation has lately been exposed. But now former President Herbert Hoover's Government Reorganization Commission has announced that it will soon undertake a study of the "structure and administration" of the Central Intelligence Agency. For that purpose a special group will be organized, headed by General Mark W. Clark, formerly the United States Far Eastern Commander. The Hoover plan provides an admirable solution to a knotty problem, and evidently Mr. Dulles agrees, for he has already announced that he will welcome such an investigation.

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Childhood Regained

A REPORT ON SOME UNUSUAL CAMPS IN EUROPE WHERE CRIPPLED CHILDREN ARE GIVEN THE CHANCE FOR A WHOLE LIFE.

JORGEN HVIID

WHEN I think of the Guldberg Plan, many pictures come to my mind: I see a soccer team of eleven boys, with only sixteen legs and seventeen arms. I see a boy sitting on a window sill, he has lost both of his legs, there are just two stumps left. I hear him shouting, *Pas auf,* here we go, and he jumps from the window right down on the hard stone floor, smiling and laughing to the passing boys. I see a large beautiful cafeteria at the Hamburg Broadcasting Company where many parents are gathered to receive their children coming back from the camps. I also see a mother bursting into tears when she sees her only son walking with just one crutch. I see a boy eating with three fingers — the rest gone. I see a young man riding his bike on a road in Germany holding a leg which is not his own on the handle-bar. I see a little boy undressing in a shower-room, timidly casting sideward glances at the other boys to see if they will notice that he has an artificial leg. I see a little girl meeting her parents on board a ferry-boat in Denmark. The parents terrified—the girl smiling. Her father anxiously asks her if he may carry her, but she shakes her head and starts walking down the stairs. She has two artificial legs. I see a young man coming to a camp; a handless man comes up to him and says, "Listen boy, what's the matter with you?" The young man appears confused, while the other goes on, "Something must be wrong with you: Nothing is missing, you have got everything, two arms and two legs, ten fingers and ten toes."

I was the one who was abnormal. The normal one was Stig Guldberg, former Danish Army officer, founder of the Guldberg Plan and the Guldberg Camps. In 1947 Stig Guldberg lost both of his hands when a defective grenade exploded while he was holding it. He was badly injured by the explosion, but on his arrival at the hospital was still conscious and able to explain what kind of narcosis he wanted—he remembered that the anesthetic ordinarily used in Danish hospitals did not agree with him.

At the hospital they amputated both of his hands, the one arm at the elbow joint, the other one just below the elbow. His legs were paralyzed, he was blind and deaf, and his lungs were torn to pieces. They did not think he would survive and most people said, "The best thing for him would be to die." However, there were two people who did not want him to die: Stig Guldberg and his wife. He was then, as always, stubborn.

I think that it was his stubbornness, this will-power, which saved his life. Little by little he began to recover: his lungs and wounds healed, his powers of seeing and hearing came back—the only thing which did not come back was his hands.

When Stig Guldberg finally recovered, the Army discharged him and gave him a pension. But once more he was stubborn: He did not want to be pensioned. When you are in your late thirties you don't want to spend the rest of your life taking walks in the park. The decision of the Army Stig Guldberg could not alter, but he began looking for a job. He produced several movies on ammunition accidents, got a job as a building adviser, started his own travel agency, arranged a trip to Norwegian mountains where he took the members of the party across a glacier. He had many other jobs and finally became chief of Civil Defense of Naestved, his home-town, a post he holds today.

Right after the accident the Army sent Guldberg to England to get a pair of artificial hands. Shortly afterwards he was invited to the United States, where he got a pair of the most modern artificial hands existing. During these difficult years Stig Guldberg learned

Mr. Hviid, who writes from Copenhagen, served on the staffs of two Guldberg Camps.

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a lot about the crippled, about their problems, and about their possibilities of life. One day he was struck by a thought: What about all the crippled children in the war-ravaged countries of Europe? The thought would not leave him; ideas, plans, projects, kept popping up into his mind. He could not forget about the children who had to bear the sufferings he, a grown man, had barely been able to endure. The result was the Guldberg Plan and the first Guldberg Camp in Karsemose on the Isle of Sealand in Denmark in 1950.

THE theory behind the Guldberg Plan is hard to explain; you really should experience it. Every child is created to the image and likeness of God. No human being is a waste-product. A crippled child has his vocation, his talents and task in life. Like any other child the crippled child has the right to develop all his potential powers. He has the right to freedom, to responsibility and independence. But a crippled child who is fed, who is carried, who is put to bed, who is dressed, who is washed, who is protected against all the difficulties in life, who is not allowed to solve his own problems or live his own life, to do things himself, becomes a disabled child—passive, dependent. The aim of the Guldberg Plan is not to make these crippled children "normal," but to help them meet life and all its challenges and problems with the talents they do have, on an equal footing with everybody else.

There were five Guldberg Plan camps in the summer of 1953, one in Denmark, three in Germany, and one in Italy. We had children from more than seven nations in our camps. We had all kinds of crippled children, all degrees of disablements, ranging from polio to amputations and brain injuries. Our aim is to activate these children. Everyone had to make his own bed, clear the tables, and clean the floors. Of course it was difficult for many of the children to do these things, but they had to. After they got started they were surprised by how much they were able to do; they did things they had never thought themselves capable of. Even the legless ones had to work. Two such boys had upper berths and even without their artificial legs they were able to climb up into their beds, just by means of their arms, and they were able to make their beds. One morning I came out from the dining-room and looked down the long corridor outside. I noticed one of our boys carrying on his back a little ten-year-old who had lost his legs. Well, that was not unusual in the Guldberg Camp and I did not think too much of it until Stig Guldberg, who was standing right next to me, said, "Look, that is Manfred." Manfred lost both his legs in a car accident, but today he had put on his artificial legs and carried his friend on his back. Stig Guldberg had taught Manfred how to walk on two artificial legs.

Ole is a boy of thirteen living in the city of Odense in Denmark. In November, 1952, he lost both of his hands in a fireworks accident. He has only three fingers left—not even three fingers, but three stumps made by the doctors, two on one wrist and one on the other, and it does not look very pretty. When Ole came to the camp he was rather difficult. He was always walking around with his hands deep in his pockets, and was not able to move his stumps. He was bitter and suspicious. He did not want anybody to see his "hands." However, when Ole had been in the camp for some days he discovered a lot of things. None of the rest seemed to pay any attention to each other's handicaps. Some of them did not even have legs. Mr. Guldberg, who did not have his hands, was still able to eat all by himself, to drive his own car just by having some knobs on the wheel and a fork on the gear-lever so that he could put his stump into it, and to drink beer just by taking it between his stumps. And when Mr. Guldberg said "Ole, my boy, it is a good thing that you have not got ten thumbs anyway," Ole could not help laughing. When he looked, the small hated stumps nodded encouragingly as he moved them—perhaps it was nice to have them after all. Ole found out that the stumps could be used for playing ping-pong, for making his bed, for clearing the table, for playing the piano, for doing the dishes, for writing, for fighting, and for sweeping the corridors. And when you came right down to it—there was no time at all for keeping them in his pockets.

THERE was singing, laughter, and happiness every day in the Guldberg Camp. I know that perhaps it sounds a little strange to joke about artificial limbs, arm-stumps, and leg-stumps. But I think it is necessary. Too many people shrink back when they see an artificial limb, and if they meet someone who lost his hand, they do curious thing in order not to look at his hand; they look straight at the man's nose or at his waist-coat button. People dare not talk about wheel-chairs—they just think of the poor invalids who use them (we often took rides in the wheel-chairs in the camp). Wheel-chairs, artificial legs, hands, and arms are just aids. The children must understand that there is nothing sinister about them, nothing depressing about them. We have to accept these children with everything they have, and don't have. When we joked about artificial legs, hands, arm and leg stumps, it was not because we were cynical or heartless, but because we loved these children and everything about them without exception,—and when you really love something you can also joke about it.

Because of the crowded conditions I had to share

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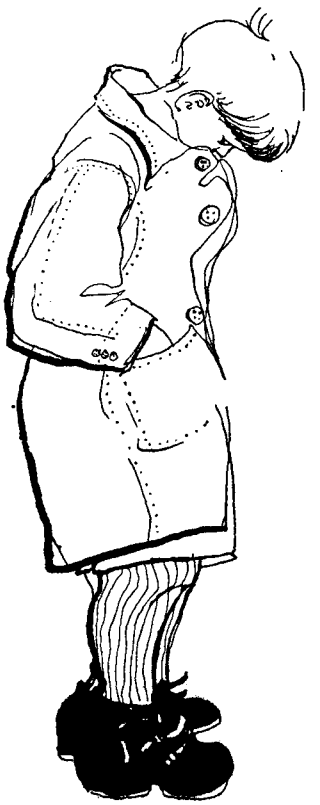
my room with three German boys. One night I went upstairs to go to bed and put my hand on the doorknob —I looked at my hand: full of shaving cream—my own shaving cream. Wiping my hand off, I made ready for bed. Exhausted, I sat down on my bed—and fell right through. I repaired the bed and finally went to sleep murmuring about high spirits.

We had our own soccer-team at the camp. Two crutches are just as good as a leg. We have had several games against other teams of "normal" boys and won nearly all of them. One year we played against the team from a famous Danish boarding school. In the beginning the boys were very considerate and did not want to play at their best, against the poor crippled. However, when the poor crippled had two scores and they none, they did not want to be considerate any more. They had special difficulties with one of our boys on two crutches: it was impossible to get around him and get the ball. But they found out that they could push him so that he stumbled. But that did not work either because in a few seconds he got on his feet again. The boarding school team lost the game. For the boys who could not play soccer we had other kinds of games: high-jumping, broad-jumping races for one leg and one artificial leg, for one leg and crutches and for two legs.



We arranged circus shows for the youngsters. They put on plays, musical performances, magic and comedy acts; the boys were very clever, especially some of the comedians. During the time in the camp I think that these children saw more than they had ever seen before. We took them on hikes, to an animal-exhibition, to the circus, to a big farm; we took them on a two-day tour to Copenhagen where they were received at the city-hall by the mayor, etc. It was an exhausting program, especially for the counselors. But the result was that little by little the children developed their self-confidence. They were amazed to discover how much they were able to do; they discovered new qualities in themselves and developed courage and spirit. Here was a place where people expected something from them. They had to do their very best to follow their friends in the camp, and in this way they exerted great influence upon each other. The boys were always ready to help each other, but in most cases they wanted to do things themselves and they discovered how wonderful it is to be able to do things yourself.

NOT only did we stress the exterior influence but the spiritual. Every Sunday we had Mass, confession and communion for the Catholics, and Lutheran service for the Protestants. We used the Boys Town system: we did not run the camp, the youngsters did. They elect their own "ministers," the minister of social affairs, the minister of employment, the minister of foreign affairs, etc., and a president. We also had our own court where judges settle the misunderstandings and punish the "criminals." Although we employ the Boys Town system we also stress the Salesian principle: the boys are never left alone. A grownup is always among them, but he is just present and exerts his influence in as imperceptible a manner as possible.

It was not unusual for us to ask one of the boys to help another with whom we were having difficulties. I remember John. He came to us three weeks after the camp had started and he was placed at my table. He was extremely shy and would hardly say a word. I smiled at him, but he was not able to smile back. And when the boys asked him questions he answered with monosyllables. John was twelve years old and his parents told us that he never played with other children —he was always reading books. When John went to the shower-room that night he undressed very slowly and looked around timidly to see if anybody would notice his artificial leg. Nobody paid any attention, but we did notice that his mother had given him a silk stocking to put on the artificial leg so that people would not recognize it. The first thing we did was to remove the silk stocking from the leg. John did not say much the following days either, but he smiled a little more, and he found a little Danish boy, Erik, who was nine years old and also had lost one of his legs. They played together. I got hold of Erik, explained the situation to him and told him to try to get John going. Erik thought that it was a wonderful idea. A week later I heard John running around just outside my window shouting, "Hi, Hopalong Cassidy, you are dead. I just shot you." And when some days later he asked for a pair of short pants, I knew that something had happened—he was no longer afraid that people should notice his artificial leg.

I also remember Michael. Michael was a boy of twelve from Hamburg, Germany. He was not able to walk because of shell shock. He had a "walking chair." It had been constructed for him when he was five years old and of course was much too small for him.

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He was completely dependent upon it and it meant everything to him. In the camp we taught him how to walk; it was a laborious work but we succeeded. When Michael was to leave the camp we wanted him to leave the walking chair in Denmark. We were afraid that if he brought it back with him he would start using it again and then he would be back where we started with him. I had an interview with Michael and we talked it over. I could see that it would be very hard for him to leave the chair, but he had to decide for himself. "Think it over Michael, say a prayer. You don't need that chair anymore," I said. Michael had to fight with himself and it took a long time before he made up his mind — but he left the chair in Denmark. Michael had won a victory; he had realized his responsibility and made the greatest decision in his life. When Mihael's mother received him in Hamburg and saw him walking, she cried. She had never thought it possible.

YOU may ask if the results are lasting. On the whole I think they are. Naturally these crippled children are often full of complexes; they are shy, they are afraid that people will notice them, they become introverts, maladjusted and lose their ability to get along easily with other people. In the camps they meet children who are just as "bad off" as they themselves are, or even are worse. They meet children from foreign countries; they are sent to camps abroad, and experience a very important change of milieu. They also "get away from themselves," get the chance to see themselves "from outside" and they acquire a new attitude towards life. They find out that they have a personality of their own. They find the habits which are so natural for a child: to run, shout, weep, laugh; to play tag, cowboys; to play in sports, to fight, to tease a little, to be teased, to sing—in short to be children again. When the child has found these habits, he does not want to give them up. Sometimes he is tempted to do so, but it is always a moral support to think of the camp. And of course a child can come back to the camp next summer if it is necessary. When the child has experienced responsibility and independence at these camps, a seed has been sown which is hard to suppress.

LABOR UNITY

The End of the Testy Titans?

SEVERAL months ago I wrote in these columns: "The decision of the executive board of the AFL Teamsters' Union (alias Dave Beck) not to sign the no-raiding pact between the AFL and the CIO hit the wobbly hope of labor unity like a torpedo exploding squarely amidships."

This turns out to have been a slightly inflated metaphor. "The wobbly hope of labor unity" was better equipped with armor-plate and bulkheads than I realized. The torpedo struck, but the ship of hope wobbles relentlessly onward.

On June 9th the impressive total of ninety-four unions —sixty-five AFL and twenty-nine CIO—signed the no-raiding pact, which thereupon went into effect as between and among those unions. Said unions represent more than ten million American workers, which is not exactly hay. In fact, it's about sixty per cent of the union membership in the country.

The agreement was signed at an impressive ceremony in Washington attended by top leaders of both federations. Several top leaders were missing, among them the aforesaid Dave Beck. The CIO also came without its own temperamental Dave: the Steelworkers' president, Dave McDonald.

Beck and McDonald had their own meeting a few weeks before, together with the prize temperament of the American labor movement, a temperament so temperamental that there isn't room for it in either federation: the one-and-only John L. Lewis (Independent).

About this meeting more later. Right now I would rather accent the more positive gathering on June 9. The no-raiding pledge is binding until December 31, 1955, by which time it is "hoped" that a plan can be worked out for complete merger of the two organizations.

To take the next step toward such a plan the Joint AFL-CIO Unity Committee will meet again in early October, after the annual AFL convention in Los Angeles. After that convention we will know more about the distribution of forces within the AFL as between Beck and George Meany, president.

This no-raiding pact is something of a triumph of common sense over the irrational passions. It represents the fruit of a year's study by a subcommittee of the Joint Unity Committee. The study showed that during the years 1951-53 there were a total of 1,727 raids between AFL and CIO unions in which one tried to win

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bargaining rights away from the other in Labor Board elections.

Of these the CIO won 290 raiding elections and the AFL 250, but the AFL picked up 44,000 workers as opposed to 40,000 for the CIO. The AFL made a net gain of 4,000, but this was offset by the loss of 4,456 members who dropped union representation altogether. For this dubious result AFL and CIO spent a total of $11,418,000 over the three-year period in raiding or defending themselves against raids.

The sub-committee wisely concluded: "Even in the small proportion of cases where such [raiding] attempts are successful they involve a drain of time and money far disproportionate to the number of employees involved. They create industrial strain and conflict and they do nothing to add to the strength and capabilities of the trade union movement as a whole."

The AFL has 110 international unions affiliated with it and therefore it is apparent that forty-five unions did not sign the agreement. But Meany pointed out that about thirty of these are in highly specialized fields where they have never encountered any competition and therefore have no particular incentive to sign the pact. Some of the others are still waiting for executive board or convention action before signing. Among the more important missing organizations, besides the Teamsters, are the Carpenters, the Seafarers, the Boilermakers, and the printing trades unions (with the exception of the Photoengravers).

Of the thirty-three CIO unions only four are outside the fold and of these the only sizable organization is the aforesaid Steelworkers of Dave McDonald.

WHAT we are seeing, of course, is a kind of simultaneous maneuvering going on in both AFL and CIO on the part of strong, ambitious men who are challenging the authority of the boss men who have lately come to power in both organizations.

These boss men are George Meany, president of the AFL, and Walter Reuther, president of the CIO. And the challengers are the aforesaid Beck and McDonald.

And the interesting thing is that both of them have also just recently come to power in their-own organizations, Beck having assumed the mantle of old Dan Tobin (retired) and McDonald the authority of the late Phil Murray in his capacity as president of the Steelworkers at the same time that Reuther was taking over Murray's position as president of the CIO.

So we have here a fascinating little struggle for power. My predictions have not exactly been uncanny in their accuracy, but I would say that we have now seen enough to venture a guess that Meany and Reuther are going to hold onto what they've got as long as they stay healthy. And it may well be that the principal effect of the activities of Beck and McDonald will be to hasten the amalgamation of the AFL and CIO into one giant federation of American workers. And that will be all right too.

What have Beck and McDonald got working for them? They have their own organizations, which are indeed formidable, Beck's comprising about 1,300,000 of the most strategically placed workers in the country—namely truckdrivers and warehousemen—and McDonald well over a million steelworkers. They also have each other, which is not too helpful unless they can manage to get together in the same federation.

And finally they have the great John L. and his dwindling coal miners, the wards of a sick industry, a group that is almost totally isolated from the mainstream of the labor movement.

On April 30 these three had lunch together in Washington, where Beck is presently moving his headquarters from Indianapolis. Lewis was the spokesman in the press conference afterwards. He explained that the purposes of their meeting were to seek government action on unemployment and under-employment (all three unions are suffering from same); repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act; and joint action on other legislation.

Do you believe that? I don't. I believe the main purpose of the meeting was to discuss power politics and the possible alternatives therein, such as a third federation; entrance of the Miners and the Steelworkers into the AFL; or even the affiliation of the Miners and Teamsters with the CIO. This sounds crazy, but where Lewis is involved I have learned that nothing is too unlikely for his wide-ranging and imaginative ambition.

With three million workers behind them, Beck, McDonald and Lewis have the power to cause heap big trouble. Beck has been quoted as saying, "If you were to offer me the presidency of the American Federation of Labor tomorrow at five times its salary, I would not accept it under any condition. During my lifetime I will never accept it even if it were offered."

Maybe so, but he has not denied that he would like to be able to name the president, and I don't mean George Meany. There seems to be a good deal of per-

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sonal animosity between and among the members of this quintuplet of America's top labor leaders. Lewis has called Reuther "a pseudo-intellectual nitwit"; Reuther has said of Beck, "He has changed his brass knuckles for diamond rings"; Meany and Lewis have exchanged unpleasantries from time to time; Beck is polite to Meany, but of the president of the CIO he says, "I don't give a damn what Reuther thinks. Who the hell is Walter Reuther to me?" And so on.

Referring to such displays of personal pique *Business Week* recently commented, somewhat hopefully I couldn't help thinking: "With that sharp-edged background, it seems doubtful that organized labor can draw itself into a really tight brotherhood."

It seems doubtful indeed for a really tight brotherhood. But a tighter brotherhood than we have seen for many years is still possible. For this I am betting on the stand-out qualities of George Meany and Walter Reuther, supported by the common sense and practical idealism of the hundreds of unspectacular second-rank labor leaders who, in the final analysis, decide which way the American labor movement will move. Fortunately, I believe the day of the John L. Lewises, the Temperamental Titans, is just about over. And that's all right too.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

TATTLE-TALE GRAY

PERHAPS there is some defense for soap operas on radio: at least a woman can go about her work as she half-listens and day-dreams over their preposterous stories. But soap operas in the movies are something else again. Even a handsome Technicolor opus like the re-make of Lloyd Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession," with an equally handsome cast, gets tiresome as you watch its attractive actors (including Agnes Moorehead, Otto Kruger, Barbara Rush) go through one empty scene after the other—situations that have almost no relation to real life. Jane Wyman suffers with dignity and beauty (and furthermore her clothes are stunning) as the widow whose noble husband died because the tricky respirator he needed was being used on a thoughtless millionaire playboy. She starts suffering all over again later when she goes blind as a result of an accident more or less caused by this millionaire playboy—Rock Hudson—who was plying her with unwanted attentions.

I'm not sure why this contrived plot insists that life and limb are any less dear to this playboy than to anyone else. But it is he who later repents and has the magnificent obsession to do good. Boy, he does good all over the place. He studies like everything, becomes a doctor and eventually an eye specialist. You don't even have to be a devotee of soap operas to figure out who is going to operate on Jane in the last reel, save her eyesight and never be parted from her again.

SHIRLEY Booth, who is such a fine actress that she could probably make even soap palatable, fights against odds in "About Mrs. Leslie." Portraying a brave and cheerful little woman who runs a boarding house in Beverly Hills and dishes out advice right and left, Miss Booth is excellent in every scene, but she just can't sell us Mrs. Leslie. The script, written by Ketti Frings and Hal Kanter from a novel by Vina Delmar, is not satisfied with having Mrs. Leslie mess around with the lives of her boarders, but also has to show us in long flashbacks how she messed up her own life. Every year for many years she spent six weeks with Mr. Leslie (Robert Ryan) in a sort of hide-away on the California coast. She asked no questions, but just lived with Mr. L. as a companion. (Both the script and Director Daniel Munn are pretty vague about just what this arrangement included.) Then one day she discovered that Mr. Leslie wasn't really Mr. Leslie at all—but a bigshot aircraft specialist with a wife and grown sons.

THAT the English can also make with the soap opera is seen in "Edge of Divorce," a recent import that had a good idea to start with but frittered it away in melodrama. Its point is to show that children are the ones who suffer from a divorce, but unfortunately it maneuvers its plot in such a heavy-handed way that it winds up proving nothing.

As husband and wife (married sixteen years ago) Philip Friend and Valerie Hobson are an attractive-looking couple whose happiness is marred by constant bickering. He spends too much time at his work as a lawyer, and she seems to forget occasional details of managing a house. What they really need is a good vacation and a sensible talking to. But instead an old friend (Norman Wooland) comes along and when he pays too much attention to Valerie, Philip gets jealous, the bickering gets out of hand, a divorce is agreed upon and Norman suggests marriage to Valerie at once.

Things happen awfully fast in this family, especially after sixteen years of apparent well-being. The kids go berserk practically on the spot. The teen-age daughter plays her father and father-to-be against each other. The boy shoots his mother's intended. And the little girl dissolves in tears. All these events bring the parents to their senses—and they forget about the divorce in a hurry. And I'm afraid we'll forget about this movie in a hurry.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"TECHNICS AND TOTALITARIANISM"

Princeton, N. J.

TO the Editors: I wish to contrast the broadcast by Pope Pius XII "On Modern Technology and Peace" (December 24, 1953) with the essay on "Technics and Totalitarianism" by Professor Wilhelmsen [April 23]. I find nothing in Professor Wilhelmsen's essay that corresponds to the Pope's reference to technological progress as coming from God or of itself leading to God. Professor Wilhelmsen may have found confirmation of his condemnation of modern technology in the Pope's fear that "the technological spirit may cause grave harm." There is, however, a fundamental difference between the Pope's presentation of this view and the presentation of Professor Wilhelmsen. Nowhere does His Holiness identify modern science with technology, nor would any such identification be in keeping with the Pope's well-known understanding of modern science. It is the false glorification of technology that the Pope condemns, not modern science or technology.

The self-idolatry which is sometimes manifested in the "spirit of technology" is as old as the worship of the "graven image." Isaiah was well-aware of the misuses of technology. The worship of technology is fostered by a few publicity-hungry technologists, by self-seeking technological industries, and by militarists wishing to use the instruments of technology to coerce a reluctant world. *This* spirit of technology is the greatest enemy of true science.

As a mathematician I would have been especially shocked by Professor Wilhelmsen's selection of "mathematized science" as the villain of the piece had I not realized how little the real nature of mathematics is known. It will be understood that I refer to the mathematics of men such as Newton, Gauss, Poincaré or Birkoff, and not to the mathematics of accounting, cybernetics or operations analysis, however necessary these applications may be.

If the reader insists on identifying mathematics with the totality of its applications, and with the over-worldly attitudes of some of the appliers, he will part company with me here. If, however, his mind is still open he may find other views of mathematics elaborated in my essay on "Mathematics and the Arts" in the Summer, 1951 issue of the *Yale Review*. One who believes that the association of mathematics with technology is characteristic of modern mathematics may be astonished to know that this essay was presented at a symposium on the "Poet and Reality" held in honor of Robert Frost's seventy-fifth birthday.

True science and mathematics are involved in a daily battle against those who condemn "mathematicized science." It is the values, interpretations and motives of certain of the users of mathematics which should be condemned and not the mathematics. These critics are unable or unwilling to look at mathematics at its source, or understand its historic role in logic, science and philosophy, or its special role as an art. "Symbolic structure" is not the goal of mathematics. Except in certain specialized fields it is not even of first importance. The goal of mathematics is to understand and create. Creation in mathematics means the imaginative formation and integration of new concepts that increase the sweep of the human mind. The new horizon, more often than not, reaches to the unknown and unknowable. A true scientist worships God by humbly seeking to understand His handiwork. To ignore what is necessary and noble in mathematics and to concentrate on the worldliness of some of its users is to fasten on mathematics a kind of "guilt by association."

Both for the sake of science and for the sake of a proper evolution of Catholic philosophical thought there is need to recognize all this before it is too late.

MARSTON MORSE,
Professor of Mathematics,
The Institute for Advanced Study.

Santa Clara, Calif.

TO the Editors: To Mr. Noel Deisch [May 21]: my gratitude for enshrining my prose in the liturgy of Holy Week.

To Mr. R. V. W. Todd [May 21]: my congratulations on possessing such a broad company of companions.

To Mr. Charles Stinson [June 25]: my suggestion that he procure The Original Abomination (my "The Conservative Catholic") before penning any further criticism of my position. Should he do this, he will discover that his memory has played him a sad trick.

To my critics, altogether, and in a body: controversy, if it is to bear fruit, if it is to be sound, if it would be gentlemanly, must bear on the document at hand. *This* controversy should concern itself, neither with your own apostolic and social virtues (you have convinced me that they are many), nor with the temperamental inadequacies and the deficient character of your opponent. In that direction lie the desert of philistinism and the dead-end of psychologism.

Gentlemen: do not preach at me; do not psychoanalyze me: I am insured to sermons and I am suspicious of the couch. Argue; refute if you can, but before you do, acquaint yourselves with the literature and school yourselves in the disciplines needed to discuss this issue intelligently. (I suggest you begin by considering the philosophical principles raised in Mr. James M. O'Keefe's letter in my defense).

Finally, Mr. Stinson, when you erect phantom opponents, when you misquote an essay not in your pos-

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session, when you enumerate my many vices—you do no real harm, but you do a disservice to the Body Catholic when you accuse a fellow member of the Church of holding a "theology radically out of key with the dogma of the Incarnation." Diverse, even differing, theological emphases are one thing; departure from dogma is something else. This last is a grave charge, and Mr. Cogley of this magazine wrote some strong words on that subject not too long ago: I suggest you read them. I also suggest you read the Christmas message of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, delivered on Christmas Eve, 1953. In this address, His Holiness dealt explicitly with the relationship between the Incarnation and what he called "the technological concept of life." Granting fully that technology can be of service to man, that—if checked by, harmonized with, and always subservient to, things human and organic—technology can be made to glorify God, he nonetheless spoke the following words: words by no means less severe, less somber, than those spoken in warning by Catholic conservative thinkers all over the West now for better than a century.

> In what exactly does the technological spirit consist? In this, that what is most highly prized in human life is the advantage that can be drawn from the forces and elements of nature; whatever is techically possible in mechanical production takes precedence over all other forms of human activity, and the perfection of earthly culture . . . is seen in it. . . . It is evident that whoever adopts the method of technology as the sole way of seeking truth must give up any idea of penetrating the profound realities of organic life. . . . How can one ask of a mind so formed, assent and wonder before the awe-inspiring reality to which we have been elevated by Jesus Christ through His Incarnation . . . .
>
> We refrain from showing more at length how this system . . . causes a waste of material resources, no less than that of the principal sources of energy . . . among them certainly man himself . . . *whenever technology reigns supreme, there human society will be transformed into a colorless mass, into something impersonal and without substance, and this contrary to the clear designs of nature and the Creator.* . . . Wherever . . . the technological concept of life penetrates, the family loses its personal bond of unity, is deprived of its warmth and stability.
>
> The 'technological concept of life' . . . therefore . . . offers *a mathematical formula* . . . as the ultimate answer to the question of existence. Because of this, modern technological development, as if conscious of being lost in darkness, is showing uneasiness and anxiety, experienced especially by those who engage in the feverish search for industrial methods ever more complicated, ever more hazardous. A world guided in this way cannot be said to be illuminated by that light, nor animated by that life which the Word, the splendor of God's glory, by becoming man, has come to communicate to men.

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN.

With this concluding statement by Mr. Wilhelmsen, we must bring to a close this extended discussion of the relationship between technology and totalitarianism. The original article by Mr. Wilhelmsen appeared in the Commonweal of April 23.

THE EDITORS.

"THE EFFICIENCY OF VIOLENCE"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I would like to raise one point in reference to Gunnar Kumlien's arresting article of July 2, "The Efficiency of Violence."

It is true, as he says, that "there were no mass desertions from the Red Army when first it come in contact with the free world or later as it has remained in contact with the West all along the Iron Curtain." But it should be remembered that in 1945 the Soviet armies were victorious; the Russian soldier stood a good chance of going home to his wife and family, and even if he had been tempted to defect, the urge certainly would have been qualified by the knowledge that the Soviet Union's allies were notoriously apt to arrest and return deserters.

During the subsequent occupation period, desertion has been made even more dangerous and difficult. There are strong deterrents—reprisal against one's family, for example—which, the Soviet soldier is aware, may be applied without hesitation. Then, too, it must be remembered that by the time the Russian soldier became convinced that he could obtain official sanctuary in the free world, the units most liable to such defection had been withdrawn and supplanted, to a great extent, by crack garrison troops of the elite "guards" variety. This, and a very real fear of being caught fraternizing, may account for much of the Russian "aloofness" in Berlin and Vienna.

But there *have* been mass defections from the Russian army—not when they came into contact with the free world, but, ironically, when they came into contact with the German armies. The bread and salt with which the panzer units were received in the Ukraine, the "liberation corps" of General Vlasov—these cannot be explained away by claiming that it was all Nazi propaganda, that the defectors were all Ukranians (they included Great Russians, Azerbaijan Tatars, Cossacks), or that they were not part of a generation which had been led and bred in the Communist ideal, because they were. More than three million of them surrendered during the first eight months of Operation Barbarossa. Czarist units, in the face of far greater pressure from the enemy, never quit so fast.

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Nor was this mass defection mere panic. These Russian soldiers were not only ready to surrender, but were willing and eager to be enlisted as part of an anti-Communist—not anti-Russian, but anti-Communist—force cooperating with the Germans. (Boris Shub places the number of Soviet soldiers who fought against Stalin at half a million. He quotes the German recruiting officer, Herwarth von Bittenfeld, as saying: "With an intelligent political policy we would have won the war in the East simply because the Russian people themselves would have overthrown the regime.") What is particularly striking is that these soldiers, for the most part, were members of the "generation without a navel cord," and should, by Mr. Kumlien's thesis, have been more loyal to the Communist cause than the young German soldiers—whose "janissary indoctrination" was less complete—would be to the cause of Nazism. Yet it is a matter of record that the rate of defection in the German army was, except perhaps in the final hours, relatively low.

The problem of *mass* desertions aside, there have been a surprising and significant number of Russian defections, both civilian and military. The number is not exactly known, and is, of course, comparatively small. More relevant is the quality of such defectors. The majority of those who have left the Soviet army, secret police or diplomatic service—Kravchenko, Guzenko, Petrov, and the rest—are precisely those who ought to be the most trustworthy and fanatical proponents of Communism. They are, for the most part, members of Mr. Koestler's younger generation. Not only do they have fewer material reasons for defecting than the average Russian; they have, from the Communist standpoint, a greater spiritual reason for *not* defecting. This is the noontime of the "indoctrinated generation"; they are its leaders, carefully screened, a chosen few.

I do not mean to argue that Communist indoctrination of the Russian people has been entirely without result. But I do not believe the available evidence warrants any belief that there is widespread Communist fanaticism in Russia. There *is* a "Soviet man" with whom the free world must reckon (and so must China), but he emerged specifically out of the *failure* of Communism both as a driving force and as a principle of unification in Russia. He was foreshadowed during World War II by Stalin's own significant words: "They are not fighting for the system; they are fighting for their soil." In the postwar years the Soviet leaders, in order to survive, resorted to an artificial agitation of nationalism and xenophobia; they revived the specter of encirclement; they stimulated the spirit of imperial jingoism. It has been said: "The cold war was Stalin's best defense against the Russian people."

Since we shall have to deal with the "Soviet man" whether he be ideologue or imperialist, the distinction may seem hardly worthy of comment. But I do not think we need ascribe to the Communist dialectic, as such, a success which—even when forcibly imposed—it has not achieved, or an allegiance which it does not, in reality, command.

RONALD J. DUNLAVEY.

FRANCOIS MAURIAC

An Artist in an Artists' World

MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

LATER generations of young writers, says Mauriac, can have little idea of the prestige of the *N.R.F.*, the review partly founded by Gide. Many of its contributors helped to form that too-slavish 'following' of Gide which Francis Jammes saw as so detrimental to Gide's soul, a matter in which Jammes felt a personal concern.

Francis Jammes owed his recognition as a writer to Gide's generous and determined efforts, the editor having induced Paris to recognize a poet lost in the wilderness of the Béarn, the remotest of the French provinces. Jammes was poor, proud and unsophisticated; he wrote of young girls in sacramental veils, of woods and streams and all Nature that Parisians particularly dislike; he was Mauriac's best-loved poet and became his friend. That a friendship existed between the country poet and Gide, the complete and already "arrived" Parisian, was more remarkable; their published *Correspondence* attests its intimacy. Unaware and uncaring of the trends of literature in high places, Jammes had, however, like too many of his generation, lost or mislaid his Catholic faith. He loved its cult, old country churches, village processions and so on, but had forgotten its reality; intercourse with Claudel brought

This is the second installment of a two-part article on M. Mauriac and the personal and literary influences on his life.

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Jammes back to the Faith. Jammes in his turn was, in the *Correspondence,* to struggle for the soul of Gide; indeed, each of the Catholics whom Gide at one time or another had declared to be his only friends had done likewise.

Among the most brilliant of the *N.R.F.* group, and its future director, was Jacques Rivière, a Bordelais with whom, Mauriac writes regretfully, he might years before, at home, have formed the tie that could now last only till Rivière's early death. Like Francis Jammes, and others, Rivière owed to Claudel his return to belief; the Claudel-Rivière *Correspondance,* now a religious classic, embodies the first impassioned cry for enlightenment sent by the twenty-year-old Rivière across "the waste of seas" to Claudel, then posted at Tien-tsin. Claudel was to the boy almost the God he had lost, Claudel's *Tête d'Or* had for Jacques invested its author with an appeal at once wildly romantic and real; the cry for help, however, Jacques avowed later, was only half sincere, he wanted an answer — any answer.

There followed Claudel's four years' patience with the youthful bombast and maddening changes of front of the disciple who, almost coquettishly, withdrew as soon as he seemed to advance. Only once did Claudel's charity falter; it as quickly revived and bore fruit at long last. *A la Grace de Dieu,* Rivière's intercourse with God, his realistic and intensely sincere dependence on Him in his German imprisonment, are seen as the result. Rivière, in 1915, in the *Carnets de Captivité,* had written of his wife that it was impossible for him to reveal the depths of his soul to any but one soul "because she is one being with myself"; in her exquisite and masterly Preface to the *Correspondance* of Claudel and her husband, she has exhausted analysis of the latter's involved and arresting character, and the stumbling-block it found in what Bremond called "the paralyzing delights of interior analysis."

Isabelle Rivière deals as faithfully with the strange descent from, or neglect of, the past intercourse with God that followed Rivière's release, "Hardly escaped from the somber hell of captivity, the dour material life seizes upon him, oppresses, stifles him. . . . Does that mean that he has ceased to think of God, or that he has rejected Him? Never did he desire to hide himself from His regard; not a day to the end of his life was he unfaithful to that evening prayer in which the Christian avows his misery, owns his dependence and calls for help." Yet, she asks, was Jacques faithful to God, and answers firmly: "No, inasmuch as he was absorbed by the daily material task . . . to the point of no longer finding time to give himself to God, God will leave him this task as his only reward . . . lessening of succour and of joy but not of faith. The sleep of Grace, of the love of God but not of the need of God." Of Jacques Rivière it mightly truly be said, as Charles Du Bos wrote of Baudelaire, *"il n'y a rien dont le génie puisse moins se passer que de Dieu."*

M. MAURIAC, on the other hand, sees in his friend's descent from the high thoughts of the children of God more commonplace causes, one the indirect influence of Marcel Proust. "God," he writes, "is terribly absent from the work of Proust. From the merely literary stand-point, it is the weakness of this output and its limitation; human conscience is absent from it. He [Rivière] did not foresee that, scarcely returned to the world, he would meet, face to face, flattering his terrific taste for the thing as it is, the great literary temptation incarnate and decked out in the most redoubtable and delicious prestige." He thinks Rivière did not escape this facination and probably went down before what M. Mauriac considers a snare for any Christian, the literary profession itself, writers being "morbidly attached . . . to what passes, turned aside from that which does not pass." This is an aspect of his own calling which appears to preoccupy M. Mauriac to the extent of wondering if there should be novelists at all; the robust common sense which underlies his poetic sense has answered the question—he has continued till today to write.

François Mauriac remains an elusive writer; his thought at times taxes ours. In the present case, a certain ambiguity of phrasing might induce the reader to conclude that Rivière succumbed to the baser temptations of humanity. Madame Rivière, on the other hand, attests her husband's high and unfailing integrity: *"il lui à jamais interdit de verses dans le mal."*

If M. Mauriac really intends us to understand that Jacques Rivière was as subject to the commoner frailties of humanity as he was to those of the mind, it, of course, in no way detracts from his estimation of his friend; if Mauriac in his work is ruthless in dealing with character, and especially with hypocrisy, he is, at least, equally kind to human weakness; his charity is, indeed, almost an anomaly in so caustic a writer and analyst. In any case, Mauriac would scarcely have failed to quote, as he does, the almost triumphal last moments of his friend's life when, quite recently anointed and at the point of death, the young Rivière—he was twenty-seven—could cry: "See! the doors are open. *Je vais retrouver la lumière divine!"*—the light which through all mists and obscurity had been the object of his search.

IN the remarkable group of the *N.R.F.,* which Mauriac was soon to join, a youthful contributor, Alain-Fournier, is so connected with Rivière that to mention one without the other is scarcely possible. The two had met at one of the *Grandes Ecoles* of Paris from which young intellectuals often graduate. They had discussed

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and argued through four remarkable volumes of *Letters,* subsequently published, ringing the earth with criticism or appreciation, not only of such things as dreams are made of, but of all the arts and letters.

Alain-Fournier has left a legend. He was handsome, poor and charming; his was the great, almost mystical, affair of the heart with "Yvonne de Galais," the heroine of his *Le Grand Meaulnes,* an idyll that at once superseded for the public that other French classic of innocence, *Paul et Virginie.* Fournier was said, with considerable exaggeration, to have revolutionized French novel-writing; what he *had* done was to show his generation it was possible to write of love and purity combined and to achieve success. He, too, in the first month of the Great War, was to join the Lost Generation of the hopes of France.

In spite of minor wanderings by the wayside, born of a long nostalgia, Alain-Fournier was to carry in his heart till the morning he died, the memory of the "pure and lovely" girl he had scarcely known. They had met in the street; like Dante on the quays of Florence he had stood still in astounded admiration; then, daring and reverent, had followed; next day he actually dared to speak. No one, as far as the public is concerned, has ever known what exactly passed except that *parceque c'etait lui, parceque c'etait elle,* this aloof and charming girl had answered—only it was all useless, she was to marry someone else. Alain-Fournier, the most engaging of all that brilliant group, was its great romantic; in an unlikely age he was perhaps its solitary, but undoubted, Eternal Lover.

Jacques Rivière married his friend's sister. Perhaps as intelligent as her brother Henri Alain-Fournier, certainly as full of unsentimental sentiment (she had cried in bed at night for weeks before Rivière, one fine day, seeing her home from her classes, asked her to marry him—Isabelle had feared he never would ask her). Perhaps inevitably, in spite of her utmost devotion to both men, her marriage was to cause the first break in a friendship possibly the closest recorded in print.

It was with a little book of one hundred and eighty-two pages, *Le Baiser au Lépreux,* that Mauriac at last rejoined these friends of the *N.R.F.* Characteristically, although he wrote that: "to sum up, what I hoped for as unrealizable is realized," his *Journal* views his success with sobriety, almost he could have echoed his great compatriot Foch, who, when dying, summed up his own renown as "smoke, nothing but smoke!"

THAT same year, 1922, Proust died. Most of his friends, over-accustomed to a dying more prolonged than that for which King Charles II apologized, had come to look upon it as one of the invalid writer's eccentricities; Mauriac, always prone to fear the worst, had known better.

Between Mauriac and Marcel Proust differences of belief, outlook and character were so fundamental that, quite obviously, real friendship could not have grown up, and they had met but twice—once when Mauriac was accorded the unusual privilege of entry to the cork-lined, sordid room in which the dying man had chosen to live. They, however, exchanged many letters, and those of Proust quoted in the *Ecrits* are all highly laudatory, warm and affectionate, in, writes M. Mauriac, "the language of friendship in which he [Proust] had long ceased to believe." M. Mauriac had long considered the author of *Temps Perdu* the greatest novelist of his time, a verdict he held unchanged as to technique twenty years later. By then, however, what really remained, he considered, was only an incomparable clinical study, "the metal of the work corrodes . . . all that which in the novel was flesh yields little by little to corruption."

If François Mauriac has not chosen for dissection passions as base as those of Proust's creations, the Catholic writer, of course, by no means avoids realistic delineation of human passions. The success of *Le Baiser au Lépreux,* its immediate translation into other languages and the always mounting reputation of its author inevitably ensured criticism. Censure from fellow-Catholics was not only based on the usual charge that he chose "monsters" as his characters; Catholics criticized an obsession with sins of the flesh and, above all, a distortion of the Faith which recalled, said Louis Chaigne, "the most rigorous days of Jansenism." M. Mauriac himself writes of the "Jansenistic formation" of his childhood; Paris, he believed, had helped to soften its rigor, but that it continued to influence his work he would probably agree.

Other Catholic authors, such as Bernanos, Julian Green, and even Bourget in his later work, tend to exaggerations of type and the delineation of types more sober writers consider outside the artistically possible, or even so improbable as not to merit attention. It may be thought, incidentally, that this tendency in French writers derives from qualities perhaps inherent in Latin races, a certain heroism, or energy, not devoid of a strain of hardness or—when run wild—of cruelty.

M. Mauriac's critics, however, must admit that by no yardstick of criticism can his every type be what he says is known as *"un personnage de Mauriac . . . un type assez horrible et indéfendable"*; if it were so, no prose however fine, vivid and incisive, no winged understanding of, and sympathy with, human frailty could have brought him his world-wide reputation. As regards other Catholic strictures, we may recall Mauriac's recent answer to a question in the press by Frederic Lefèvre as to what he considered the hallmark of his work. "The fact," Mauriac said, "that in any 'charnel' novel I always bring in the subject of Grace." This may not always be obvious, for he does not wear his heart on

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the point of his pen and perhaps expects of his readers a sense as subtle and penetrating as his own.

M. Mauriac therefore regards himself and rightly, we think, as in a measure one of the Great Misunderstood. In him the *"angst,"* the "despair of life" he may seem to entertain joins an intense appreciation of what that life contains, the all but overwhelming allurement of the present, of "all that which passes." Is it his Jansenism or, more truly, a certain Puritanism, as we think it is, which blames in himself, in *Ecrits Intimes,* subsequent falls and failures, the spirit so willing, the flesh so weak? We gain, at least, from the endearing humility of these entries, a fuller appreciation of the strength or toughness by which the distinguished writer keeps his Faith "in the hollow of his hands," as he says, and as his best possession.

THE third section of the *Ecrits, Journal of a Man of Thirty,* is admittedly pessimistic, but much water has flowed under Seine and Garonne bridges since it was written. Obviously, so penetrating an intelligence, a personality so individual, gauges the full difficulty of the finite mind in keeping its hold upon the infinite, but M. Mauriac today resolves all things in a single word that reinforces for him the other keyword of Grace—Love, the love of God for man. It would, no doubt, greatly astonish his secular readers to realize the only conclusion that can be drawn from a close study of the author: François Mauriac is a deeply religious writer. Every book of his, he writes, is an examination of conscience—above all, of his own, as we may perceive from his diaries.

In a famous dissertation, aimed precisely at François Mauriac, says *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* in a recent number, M. Sartre maintained that a novelist who believed in a moral law will fail to create "autonomous characters," he will "interfere with their liberty, sound their loins and their hearts"—in a word, take the place of God. This, on the face of it, must surely be considered as nonsense, for what else should, or could, a novelist do but himself develop his characters?

At his much-loved Malagar, in the old house among the vines, M. Mauriac tells us of the big room near the entrance where he learned to bear with solitude; it was there, "when the children had gone back to Paris," his books almost wrote themselves, so filled is the room with memories that enchant and stimulate. There he has written much that is helpful and hopeful. To those who see François Mauriac as inspired only, or chiefly, by the morbid and the somber, a phrase may be quoted that we may presume perhaps to read as standing for his ultimate conclusion; it runs thus:

"With the marvel that each of us is separated from peace and joy by no more than a breath, we cannot ever sufficiently be satiated."

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The Double Richness of Two Distinguished Talents

THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated by Marianne Moore. Viking. $5.

By NICHOLAS JOOST

FREQUENT and loud though the announcements of its publication have sounded these past few years, Miss Moore's translation of La Fontaine's Fables proves no disappointment but rather the exciting and important literary work we had hoped for.

Its importance, aside from the question of its intrinsic excellence, comes primarily from the two distinguished talents that produced it: the greatest fabulist of modern times and the finest woman poet now writing in English. (The sexual modifier implies no reservations about Miss Moore's poetry but simply denotes the inescapable fact that her work is intellectual and womanly just as Mr. Eliot's is intellectual and masculine.) All too often today we accept La Fontaine's legacy as part of our folklore and relegate his fables to books of nursery tales, where to be sure they delight and educate our children far beyond the potentialities of the Disney cartoons and Space Patrol. In these prose translations, nevertheless, our children and ourselves fail to imbibe much that is quintessentially Fontainesque: the purity of language in a style that is at once elegant and plain; the brilliance so reticent that it never becomes monotonous; the wonderful variety of poetic music; the wit and humor; and, not least, what La Fontaine's most recent biographer, Monica Sutherland, has termed the many "tips about life."

Mrs. Sutherland also asserts that the Fables do not give away their charm at the first reading—agreed! —and "are disappointing in translation." It is unfortunate that her biography was written shortly before she could have read Miss Moore's volume of translations, for the fables here come to life for the first time with some approximation of their Gallic charm.

This success is hardly a matter of chance. Besides the sensitive percipience of the translator and her publishers and advisors, among them Harry Levin, Malcolm Cowley, Pascal Covici, and Monroe Engel, and their scholarly aid to the project—*and* the familial advice of her mother and brother and the support of two great foundations — Miss Moore was guided by still another influence. Candidly she informs us "The influence here of Ezra Pound as translator may not be apparent, but for rhythm and syntax, unsatisfactory though the result may be to him, I reiterate with the immodesty of the amateur that the practice of Ezra Pound has been for me a governing principle—as deduced from his 'Guido Cavalcanti,' his 'Seafarer,' and certain French songs: the natural order of words, subject, predicate, object; the active voice where possible; a ban on dead rhymes synonymous with gusto."

Marianne Moore's "impatience with imprecision" together with her "verbal decorum" we expect; but her profession of indebtedness to Pound's ideogrammic method brings to the fore the accomplishments of a great literary revolution. Pound has taught the writers of our day to refuse to bother with the minutiae, the accidents of the work to be translated but rather to grasp the work's *Gestalt* in order to render its exact equivalent in another tongue. This quality of equivalence makes Pound's "Seafarer" and these Fables the successes they are; and the success of the method lends the art of translation new possibilities and a dimension in depth unknown since the work of Dryden.

These Fables stand not only as examples of the success of a method; they also stand as a reproach to those other poets who have decried the task as ten years' misspent on comparatively unimportant matters. Granted that Miss Moore's is a responsible talent, she has not used it frivolously either by intention or in the result.

A second objection brought against her alleged "abuse" of her talent is that the longevity of translations is not notable. True, most translations last no longer than their generation of readers. The reason is obvious: such translations are hack work, not the artist's but the artisan's. We have, however, only to remember the long and illustrious history of translations in English to be reassured about the fate of these Fables. Surely Marianne Moore belongs in the company of Bede, Alfred, Chaucer, Florio, Chapman, and Dryden. The most discriminating reader holds Dryden's "The Cock and the Fox" in as high, though of course in different, esteem as he does Chaucer's original "Nun's Priest's Tale." May we not savor the translated Fables in anologous fashion?

Yet they do have their intrinsic excellence, their publication is an exciting event. The Fables are new, because they express not only La Fontaine in new dress but also Marianne Moore. Here is part of "The Gout and the Spider" in Sir Edward Marsh's version:

> The Gout for her part
> nimbly sped
> To an old Bishop whom
> she kept in bed
> Covered with poultices
> and plasters. . . .
> Contrast Miss Moore's:
> Gout on the other hand,
> went straight, as lodger
> To the palace of a bishop,
> who was bedbound
> Thereafter, her helpless
> prisoner.

Whatever Sir Edward Marsh's version gains by "poultices and plasters" is more than cancelled out by the superior structure of Miss Moore's metaphor and by the deliciously witty sounds as well as by the suave, sinewy flow of the sentence, with its tension lent by enjambment. Perhaps La Fontaine does run rather to the concreteness of "poultices and plasters"; but not only does Miss More adapt herself to this aspect of his poetry, she lends a refinement with her Latin-

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esque use of abstract words, a device in which she equals the practice of Eliot and, with him, harks back to Dryden:

Irony, alas, for one to argue
Ingratitude and violence too,
long and hard.
Are evils nothing can retard.

* * *

Think of this when covetous!
How many we have seen in
in our century
Reduced to poverty by
striving hard to be
Prematurely prosperous.

Admittedly, a few awkwardnesses occur that stem from Miss Moore's attempt to keep to the original meters of La Fontaine, and once in a great while—as in the last two lines of "The Wolf and the Lamb"—one misses the original, and here inimitable, phrasing. Still, most of the Fables of the twelve books have been tendered us, and for once La Fontaine the fabulist can move without apology from the nursery to adulthood's larger playground.

Minority Report

CHRISTIANITY AND AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By Edward A. Keller, C.S.C. The Heritage Foundation. $1.50.

By JOHN M. HAYES

THIS book is slight in form, ambitious in theme and dubious in its net impact. The author has the laudable purpose of winning friends for the Church and her social program from the ranks of businessmen. He thinks there has been too much Catholic criticism of employers and management, and he intends to offset that. He thinks also that many of his fellow priests are unconscious Socialists in their interpretation of Papal teaching, and he wishes to correct them. He is convinced that there is a "manifest trend in the United States toward Socialism," and he means to arrest it.

While these three theses are not beyond debate, Father Keller is almost alone among professed Catholic social scientists in upholding them. Given also the sketchiness of his argument, one might expect his little book to be passed over as a curiosity. I am told, on the contrary, that it is getting wide distribution in business circles. Men who never read an encyclical find here "Catholic" proof that labor is too strong and ought to be curbed. While the author claims with simple trust that "Today workers are fully protected by law in their natural right to establish unions," his book will lend moral support to employers blocking organization and will be used to refute any priest taking the union's part. I am thinking particularly of the South, where most organizing campaigns in the past five years have foundered. The book is one more argument, if any is needed, against proposed social legislation, such as increased social security benefits, public housing, protection for migratory workers, etc. For here "Big Government" is the outstanding danger, and Socialism is upon us. Proof is at hand. "Father Keller of Notre Dame University says so."

"Too often," he writes, "intended or not, the impression is created that the Church is anti-management and anti-business." As an antidote he quotes, from Papal documents of the past sixty years, about a dozen selected passages. He demonstrates that the Popes support private property and oppose Socialism. Also that they approve of competition—within limits. His commentary is frank and balanced, being a two-page quotation from Father John F. Cronin.

It is presumably at this juncture that the author really enters into the "bitter debate" about which he has warned us in his introduction. He quotes in full the strictures of Pope Pius XII upon co-management. He equates the latter with the Industry Council Plan, which he defines in terms used by a CIO convention and forthwith saddles upon "some" Catholics. Many of us thought at the time that the Pope was reproving, not the CIO, but Catholics in Germany who were preaching co-determination and getting it enacted into law. Be that as it may, the jab at the CIO, deserved or not, will redress, according to the author's purpose, excessive friendliness on the part of Catholics toward that organization in the past. But his secondary aim of intra-Church harmony would have been better served had he allowed his "some Catholics" (could they be the ICP Committee of the American Catholic Sociological Society?) to give their own definition.

Furthermore, the knotty Industrial Council idea is debated by Father Keller on a mistaken premise. He supposes that his Catholic opponents are basing their position on paragraph sixty-five of Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*. But that particular section of the encyclical is confined to a discussion of wages. It says that justice can be satisfied by a fair wage contract; it urges, however, some sharing by the employer of ownership, management and profits. It is addressed to the individual employer.

Further on, paragraphs seventy-six to ninety, the Pope addresses himself to the problem of organizing the whole economic order. Here is the heart of his encyclical, his great advance on Leo XIII. Here it is that he outlines "the Industries and Professions" (or occupational groups) and insists that they be re-established. Strangely enough, Father Keller ignores this whole section. Certainly that 1931 doctrine must be reconciled with more recent statements by the present Pope. (Incidentally, Pope Pius XII said as lately as 1947: "Our position with respect to professional or 'corporative' organizations . . . is identically that of the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*.") But to omit entirely the basic doctrine of Pius XI in the matter is scarcely fair to those accused of such serious charges. Father Keller must have overlooked it.

Perhaps we should not quarrel with Father Keller's pleasant observation that "Pope Pius XI's *advice* (to share ownership, profits, management) has been followed by progressive businessmen in this country." But there are more startling assertions, e.g., "The investment of private (union) welfare funds in the common stock of the company could give workers, through their trust funds in a relatively short time,

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majority ownership of the big corporations."

Still seeking friends for the Church's program—and legitimately — the author next quotes Pope Leo's prohibition of "crushing taxes." Possibly this is a harmless sop to the "Let's Defeat Communism Cheap" school, but would Leo subscribe to that school?

Father Keller rightly applauds the recent improvements in American capitalism but goes on to denounce "Big Government," somehow forgetting in Chapter V that the improvements he lauded in Chapter IV were largely the result of legislation. His point, of course, has merits, but it seems to be sufficiently labored by the newspapers and magazines.

His condemnation of "Big Labor" in Chapter VI is consistent with his cause and is supported at least by an air of conviction. He writes ". . . big union leaders wield an economic power greater than that of Big Business." This assertion may gratify John Lewis, Dave Beck and Dave McDonald; it will only amaze all the rest. (Coincidentally, U.S. Steel raised its price $3 a ton today—by simple announcement.)

The positive suggestions at the end of the book are to be commended. It is true that they reduce "A Christian Social Order" to a system of industry-wide bargaining for wages and conditions of work, with agreements having a legal binding force on all those in the industry. Some would call this a shrunken version of the Papal teaching on reorganization; but in view of what has gone before it is surprisingly bold—bold enough perhaps to puzzle some of the business friends who have read the preceding chapters, and to prove the sincere purpose of the author.

The book may achieve its principal objective: to persuade American businessmen that the Church with her social program is their ally. On the other hand, the more perspicacious among them may be left in doubt. If so many Catholics, and presumably priests (for how many laymen discuss the Papal social doctrine?) are blindly promoting Socialism, as the book clearly implies, with the Bishops generally indifferent and only Father Keller aware of this betrayal within the fold, can the Church be trusted after all?

Partisan Memory

MY MISSION TO SPAIN: Watching the Rehearsal for World War II. By Claude G. Bowers. Simon and Schuster. $6.

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

HISTORIANS have made World War II the monster-child of many parents. In this volume our former Ambassador to Spain views the Spanish Civil War in that light. The result is an important and controversial book, heart-rending and question-raising, at any rate, to those above thirty-five.

There are two contradictory certainties about the Spanish War. On the one hand, it was a rising against the Spanish Republic by the army and the Right, who received the active support of the Fascist powers while the democracies hypocritically promoted a non-interventionist policy. The Black Fairy Book, calling the earlier account a Red Fairy Tale, presents an even less shaded picture: the Spanish Civil War was a struggle to preserve Spain from Church-burners and Communism.

Bowers resoundingly dissents from the Black Fairy Book and properly resents its imputation about redness. But in his earlier works he never rose to the highest dignity of history, and he is unfortunately predisposed to melodrama with boldly sketched heroes and villains. Unlike his former works, however, *My Mission to Spain* is not a well-organized narrative, and bears the obvious mark of hasty or unreflective composition. It is heavily repetitive, cliché-laden, and warmly partisan—it presents the Ambassador's memoirs, not the fruit of critical and sustained thought. He loved Spain but with little depth of comprehension, and it is difficult to be just to a lover who can only describe a beautiful and complex woman in the banalities of David Belasco.

But he is an honest democrat and closely followed the play of Spanish politics in the *Cortes,* in party programs and in propaganda appeals. He correctly emphasizes the relatively moderate character of the leftist government against which the army rebelled. The nineteenth and twentieth century history of Spain meant little to him and he took the Republic as a legitimate government which should have commanded the allegiance and loyalty of all Spaniards.

Bowers rightly notes the rapacity of the Right and its proneness to panic. He is understandably angry with the widespread falsehoods about violence and Church-burnings in the years before the Civil War. In March and April of 1936, I, too, found little evidence of the numerous atrocities reported in the Spanish rightist and English press. These falsehoods were later climaxed by the Franco apologists who blatantly denied the massive Italian intervention and the Nazi bombing of Guernica. But by then the European and American Left were denying the loyalist attacks on the Church and religious — or were ignoring them. Here Bowers achieves no balance at all. His fury is reserved for the Fascist aggressors and for the democratic leaders, who played the dishonorable farce of one-sided intervention.

It can be said that the temper of the Right provoked leftist extremism and helped to make the Republic impossible. Bowers' lack of historical perspective prevents him from seeing the rightists as other than the disloyal citizens of a legitimate Republic — and he surely underestimates the destructive forces within the Left.

Patience, which was not there, might in the long run have fostered the Republic—but surely not in the midst of the international gangsterism and dishonor of the mid-thirties. The Republican government was destroyed, while its defenders fought a crusade that ended in anarchist terror and Stalinist murder. Its enemies were the comrades of Hitler and Mussolini and, on occasion, they also proclaimed totalitarian ends.

Fortunately, Franco has not travelled to the utmost limits of the Fascist course. But a grimly difficult task of reconciliation and re-

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Those were some of the feature articles. In addition there were the unique foreign dispatches of Gunnar D. Kumlien, Robert Barrat and Michael P. Fogarty, the informed Washington reports of Francis J. Keenan, and The Commonweal's own editorial analyses of national and international happenings.

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construction remains to be done. It may be hoped that the European and American Left will not persist in following towards Franco Spain the disastrously unbending example of the Spanish Right in the days of the Republic.

First American

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND A RISING PEOPLE. By Verner W. Crane. Little, Brown. $3.

By JOHN COURNOS

IN this the latest addition to the excellent new biographical series edited by Oscar Handlin, Dr. Crane, within the limited compass of two hundred pages, lays major stress on Benjamin Franklin's career, though he does not neglect his earlier life, his scientific discoveries, etc. Franklin's greatest achievement undoubtedly was the recognition he obtained abroad of this "rising people" as a full-fledged and sovereign nation, entitled as such to international amenities.

Dr. Crane makes it clear that Franklin was not above using expediency in achieving his ends. Astute, suave, moving in the best and most influential circles, he performed his diplomatic tasks with skill and precision, jockeying for position, for points, for the best bargain to be had.

When necessary, Franklin played one opponent against the other, as when in carrying on peace negotiations with England he kept Vergennes of France in the dark, not wishing to lose his advantage with either side. He and "honest" John Adams must have exasperated each other no little; we see Franklin in a letter in 1783 characterizing John Adams as "always an honest man, often a wise one, but sometimes, and in some things, absolutely out of his senses." Between lines we read the implication that the forthright, down-to-the earth New Englander did not much appreciate the finesse of the Philadelphian who, though he had said that honesty was the best policy, did not strictly adhere to the principle where it

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touched diplomacy and his country's ultimate good. It must have been difficult for Franklin to cooperate with a man who, in any case, held honesty in high esteem for its own sake. It did not help matters to have Abigail there "shocked by the freedom of manners she observed at Passy. . . . Madame Helvetius embraced the sage [Franklin], threw one arm around his neck at table, even ventured to place the other on the back of John Adams's chair; and Abigail thought her a noisy, brazen dowdy of doubtful morals."

Even in his earlier years, while still in Philadelphia, Franklin is shown to have practiced expediency and nepotism. He was cautious on the score of the Stamp Act; the Boston Tea Party, hailed by John Adams as "an epocha in history," was declared by Franklin to be "an act of violent injustice"; he though the tea ought to be paid for. He was, indeed, a royalist, the King's man, until he saw the folly of it. Then he went to work with a will to help create our nation, and his part in this, asserts the editor, entitles him to be called "truly the first American."

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The Basques

THE SPIRIT AND THE CLAY. By Shevawn Lynam. Little Brown. $3.95.

WHEN a novel concerns itself with politics, there is often a question whether the author is more interested in people or in ideology. It is posed here in acute form as Miss Lynam's eloquent narrative deals with the political passions and agonies of the Spanish Civil War from the viewpoint of the inimitable Basques. If at first the emphasis falls on the impact of defeat and suppression on a few leading protagonists and on the loved ones from whom they are so cruelly separated, individual sorrows tend more and more to be submerged in the long and bitter postwar struggle of the Spanish Basques. From exile, in prisons and underground, they struggled against a unitary regime which was crushing a deeply cherished autonomous and democratic tradition inspired by an ardent Catholic faith. Perhaps it therefore is inevitable that the surviving patriots should grow fainter in texture and color as the shadows deepen for them all. That makes *The Spirit and the Clay* all the more authentic. One of the author's best touches is the contrast she draws between the attitudes of the Italian Fascists and the Spanish Falangists toward their Basque prisoners. The former, on a mission of empire about which they had no special personal sentiments, tended to respect the Basques as brave Christians, soldiers and men; the Franco minions were so worked up over the war that they had only hatred and contempt for these defeated foes now at their mercy.

E. S. S.

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Nicholas Joost is associate editor of *Poetry* magazine.

Father John M. Hayes was formerly assistant director of the Social Action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

M. A. Fitzsimons is an editor of *The Review of Politics*, and is the author of *The Foreign Policy of the British Labor Party: 1945-1951.*

John Cournos is an anthologist and critic who contributes regularly to this and other magazines.

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